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ONE BILLION DOLLARS.



VER one billion dollars in gold is now in the United States Treasury. This is one-sixth of all the gold in the world, the most that was ever gathered together anywhere. And besides the Treasury gold there is half as much more in banks and in circulation.

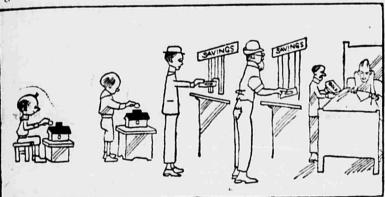
No other country has so much gold. France, which is next to the United States, has one-third less. Great Britain and Ireland have little more than half as much as France. Russia has much more than England

and almost as much as Germany.

If the wealth, prosperity and power of a country are determined solely by the amount of gold it has, Japan would be one of the most wretched and powerless countries in the world, because it has less gold than Spain and only one-fifteenth as much as Russia. England would be inferior in manufacture, conumerce and prosperity to Russia, Germany or France.

How illogical to assert that the prosperity of a country depends upon the amount of gold it has instead of upon the efficiency of its banking credit and industrial system. Suppose some old-time alchemist should turn up in Washington and reverse the delusions of the Middle Ages by turning this gold into copper. So long as nobody knew about the change, what difference would it make?

This amount of gold is sufficient to give every workingman \$50 It is sufficient to meet all the pay rolls of the United States. One gold ingot is worth more than the average man's life's savings.



Then what is the use of issuing more money?

The reason many men are hungry now is not that there is not plent; of gold, but that they cannot get it. If the volume of gold were quad rupled, if the paper dollars were multiplied by one hundred, how would that make it easier for any man who is shelterless, hungry and cold now to get money from the Treasury or a bank vault?

Everybody knows the old story how George Washington, when young man, stood on the banks of the Potomac at Mount Vernon and threw a silver dollar across. If at the time of the Declaration of Inde pendence, July 4, 1776, George Washington had begun throwing gol double eagles from the Treasury vaults at the rate of one to the minute and had worked twelve hours a day until now, of the 1,500 tons, which is the weight of a billion dollars in gold, there would be 500 tons still left

The amount of gold in the United States is now ample for every purpose except gambling, and no amount of money is enough to mee the gambling demands of Wall Street. There is a limit to what any man can earn. There is a limit to the amount of food he can eat or suits clothes he can wear, the cigars he can smoke or the drinks he can take. But there is no limit short of the sky to the amount he can bet on a poker hand, the horserace or the rise or fall of stocks.

At the end of the civil war a troop of Northern cavalry captured the wagons which contained the Confederate treasury. In boxes were millions of dollars of Confederate paper money. The soldiers played poker with it that night. On one hand \$700,000 was bet. It could have been \$7,000,000 as well.

Likewise with stock gambling. What the business interests of the United States need is not more gold stored in Treasury and bank



vaults, but more confidence and a revival of credit. The way to get all thieves to jail, beginning with the biggest.

Letters from the People.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I forward you the following old rhythmic puzzle for solution by your readers:

When I to my employer came Her waiting maid to be. She was at least without dispute Seven times as old as me. When I had served for twenty years, Months ten, days half a score,

I to that time did add five hours And fifteen minutes more This time being spent, and clear run

I found myself to be Exactly (when I came to count) Just half as old as she. Now you that are in figures skilled Do you to me explain, What age we are, what age we were

When we together came?" Hints on Starting Accounts. To the Editor of The Evening World: partner in his personal account for readers enlighten me as to the life, then debit the whole \$300 in the habits and curious ways of a joice?

de 300 back some day he could credit

count. But if H. N. is to get

his personal account with \$300 and debit cash for the same amount. As to other accounts, he should credit the account that loses and debit the one that gains. When John Jones buys merchandise on account, Jones gains and merchandise loses; Jones should be debited and merchandise credited. When Jones pays, then cash gains and Jones loses; therefore, cash should be debited and Jones credited. This would balance Jones' account. In that way the debits and credits will equal to the penny when a trial balance is sought. If they do not, then there is something wrong. BOOKKEEPER.

On the Trail of a Joke. To the Editor of The Evening World: Here is a curious thing that will interest serious students of nonsense: Seven years ago, in a Bowery theatre, encountered a joke. We met several times during that winter, then went our separate ways. Now, the other day, in a New York paper, behold! the correspondent, "H. N.," asks how same old joke, word for word, looking he should "open" his books. If the \$300 as well as ever, without the disguise is never to be paid back to H. N. and in which they usually return. Credit his partner is to become an equal was given to the London Tattler. Now, partner without investing a cent, out isn't it strange how we pick 'em up the amount in half and credit each bigain in Europe? Can science or

J. B. HARGHT

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten,



Don't Talk Wisely of the New Spring Styles in Woman's Wear Unless You Are Prepared to Shell Out When Your Wife Says So.

By Roy L. McCardell.



IN OUR FLAT

OW do you like my new dress?" asked Mrs. Jarr, turning around on the ball of her foot, which is the feminine way. Men turn around on their heels.

"Um-er," said Mr. Jarr, hesitatingly, "it looks nice."
"Is that all you've got to say to me?" asked Mrs. Jarr n a disappointed tone. "It isn't often I get a new dress, and I think you might take a little more notice of it. If you were a woman I wouldn't believe your indifference was genuine. I'd think you begrudged me the new dress, especially as Mrs. Rangle and Mrs. Kittingly both say it fits me "Oh, I'm interested," said Mr. Jarr quickly, "and I think

ou look fine in it. Did your dressmaker make it?" "Dressmaker?" said Mrs. Jarr, in fine scorn. "It's a milor-made dress. Dressmakers can't or won't make tallor

'Why won't they or why can't they?" asked Mr. Jarr.

Kette

'They lack the masculine knack," said Mrs. Jarr,

"Is that a Sniffy Whiffles suit?" asked Mr. Jarr.
"Nothing like it." said Mrs. Jarr; "no resemblance at all, except that it is plaited. But all short skirts are plaited, because one couldn't trot around in the sheath skirts. So for shopping or walking the proper thing is like this—short plaited skirt and a semi-fitting jacket, with reveres and masculine collar." 'And the goods, which you are there with?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"It's a sort of Alice blue serge, with an invisible stripe." said Mrs. Jarr. "That isn't a sheath skirt then?" said Mr. Jarr. Not that he cared, but just asking a few questions to keep peace in the family.

"How ridiculous!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Wait till I get a sheath skirt. Hips have gone out, and you can tell the sheath skirt yourself when you see it because it fits, tight as can be till the knees, and then it flares out; and you can't wear

"No?" said Mr. Jarr in mild surprise. "Well, you can't wear more than one petticoat," said Mrs. Jarr, "and that

is finished out with chiffon flounces." Mr. Jarr didn't know what chiffon flounces were, but he simulated a lively

interest. "How about the 'Princess' gown?" asked Mr. Jarr, who remembered the name of that species. "I suppose it's gone out."
"Indeed it hasn't!" said Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, it did go out!" said Mr. Jarr stoutly. He wasn't sure it had, but he was rushing in where angels fear to tread, and he resolved to keep it up, "The 'Princess' never did go out, so far as women who have a good figure re concerned." said Mrs. Jarr. looking down at her own figure as she spoke. "How are the hats this spring?" asked Mr. Jarr, going the limit with an air

"The picture hat is still popular," said Mrs. Jarr. "In fact, it never really goes out, but I have seen in the stores that the new straws are all high helmet

hapes, and I think they're horrible!"
"They won't be fashionable then?" asked Mr. Jarr. "It's too early to tell you," said Mrs. Jarr. "Even the stores don't know what's going to take best. Maybe it will be the crushed turbans. I see a lot of

"Oh, I hope the style won't be crushed turbans!" said Mr. Jarr, as if he ould tell a crushed turban if he saw it. "I think I'll get one anyway," said Mrs. Jarr. "I know those pronounced

elmets won't become me." "You need a hat then" said Mr. Jarr. "Of course I need a hat," said Mrs. Jarr. "That's the big mistake some omen make with false economy. They think if they have a new dress they are

But if you want to look smart one should be well hatted, well shoul nd well gloved." "I suppose that means I'm to come across for the price," said Mr. Jarr. "Don't you think you should do that much when I've bought a dress out of

own money?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "But I gave you the money," said Mr. Jarr.
"Then give me some more," said Mrs. Jarr. "A man who knows so much bout the new spring styles should put his knowledge to practical use. To be

ell dressed inculcates self-respect and a proper pride." And what could the poor man do?

THE WARS OF

ERVERA'S fleet was "bottled" in Santiago Harbor. The only other serviceable Spanish squadron was on the other side of the Atlantic. So it was safe to send the United States Army to Cuba. And transportation work was begun at once.

The first landing was made at Guantanamo Bay, thirty-eight miles east of Santingo. Five miles back from the bay were a town and a fort. The bluffs above the water were also strongly defended. On June 10, 1898, Capt. McCalla, of the Marblehead, bombarded these bluffs. Twenty-four shells were fired and the enemy were driven from their intrenchments. The next day, uniter celver of a fusillade from the warships and a rear attack by Cuban soldiers, 600 Yankee marines were landed at Caimanera, a town on the bay. This was the first American force to set foot on Cuban soil.

The marines went into camp on a hill and twice repulsed attacks from the Spaniards. With the help of the Cubans on the third day they stormed the Spanish camp. Forty Spaniards and nine Americans were killed or

Under cover of a furious hombardment from our fleet and a demonstration by the Cubans, 6,000 of Gen. Shafter's troops were safely landed at Daiquiri, seventeen miles east of Santiago, on June 22, and 6,000 more on June 23. A detachment under Gen. Lawton was sent inland toward San-Gen. Young's dismounted cavalry brigade, 964 strong, advanced ahead of the main army to support Lawton. At Las Guasimas (between Siboney and Santiago) they met the first note-

Las Guasimas.

IS HAVING THE

MOTHERS DAY OF REST

CLUB IN MY

APARTMENT

worthy opposition of the campaign. There they found about fifty Spaniards intrenched in the forest. Young's command was fired on, as were the Rough Riders, who were marching by another route. Recovering from the unexpected volleys that swept their ranks, the cavalrymen charged their hidden foes. After an hour's hot fighting the Spaniards were beaten back with a loss of thirty-Fix in killed and wounded. The American loss in killed and wounded was

Between 16,000 and 17,000 United States troops were by this time landed in Cuba, and lines were thrown out which gradually closed about Santiago. Were that city taken, Cervera's 'bottled" fleet would be cut off from coal or food from shore and must perforce put to sea, where Sampson and Schley awaited it just outside the harbor. The arrangement was as cleverly and mathematically planned as a problem in geometry. The Spaniards, realizing their danger, prepared to make their most formidable stand on the hills

The hot climate, unsuitable clothing and bad food caused considerable llness and still more discomfort to the newcomers, and the sick list was unduly large. Still enough well men remained to accomplish the work in hand. "army of occupation" shipped south by Uncle Sam found a strange aggregation. Sons of men who had fought for the Union in the civil war stood shoulder to shoulder with sons of Confederate veterans. Officers who izad served in the Confederacy-Gen. "Joe" Wheeler and others-now did equally gallant service for the United States Government. No greater proof could be needed of the entire healing of the breach between the North and South than the conduct of Northern and Southern soldiers in the Cuban campaign. The negro cavalrymen, too, shared honors of heroism with the bravest of their white comrades. .

Most picturesque of all the various military bodies massed against Spain was the cavalry regiment known as "Roosevelt's Rough Riders." Capt. Leonard Wood and Theodore Roosevelt (at that time Assistant Secrefary of the Navy) had recruited this regiment from various incongruous quarters. It contained Wesern cowboys and ranchmen, as well as college athletes and men-about-town. The only mutual impulses of its members, apart from patriotism, were recklessness and love of adventure. In the same rank rode New York clubmen and Arizona deputy marshals, football players and Pawnee Indians, frontiersmen and millionaires' sons.

Yet these varied elements were welded together into a courageous, effective fighting body. The fact that the men were all "crack" riders amounted to little, as their work in Cuba was all done afoot. They proved their bravery in more than one battle and greatly added to the fame of one of their two organizers. Wood was Colonel and Roosevelt Lieutenant-Colonel. There was enough of the spectacular and unusual in the regi-

"Roosevelt's Rough Riders."

ment's make up to attract public notice and to make the Rough Riders for the moment the mosttalked-of men in the army. Their actual effectiveness, compared with that of other troops, can better be decided by future generations.

By June 27 the whole American force had advanced to within about three miles of Santiago. On the last day of June our army was face to face with the Spanish forces, who occupied the defenses to east and northeast of the city. A council of war was held and it was resolved to begin a general attack at dawn next day. Gen. Lawton's division was to storm the hill village of El Caney with its blockhouse and brick fort. Gens. Wheeler and Kent were detailed to force the Spanish lines, to eastward and near Santiago, along the summit of San Juan Hill. The United States troops actually engaged numbered about 15,000. estimated that the Spanish were but 4,750 strong. But the latter fought, to a great extent, under shelter and in advantageous position.

July 1, 1898, dawned upon the first real battle fought by United States soldiers since 1865.

NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

Writes About ~~~

Honor Among Women.



among thieves. It seems more than doubtful if so great a virtue exists among the pettiest criminals of If it does, however, there are not a few women in the world who might go to the thief and learn from him something of the ethics of friendship. I had an experience with a woman of this variety the other day, and as all of us have had or may have similar

HERE is an old saying to the effect that there is honor

experiences, I think it interesting enough to comment upon. I met her at luncheon for the first time. She was, in fact, the guest of two other newspaper writers and myself. The conversation during the luncheon was personal, and of course assumed to be private. Several days later I met the NITOLA CREELEY SWITH

"Read Blank's Weekly!" she exclaimed joyfully. "It sold them a story about what you said at lunch the other

Hardly a day passes that the new order of woman-the woman who tries to as square and honest as a gentleman is expected to be-does not receive a imilar shock from some survivor of the type of old-school woman who was not expected to be honorable, but who could lie and cheat, and yet be held by both exes perfectly good, provided she loved no man too much. I do not mean that is order of woman belongs to the older generation. I know women of fifty nd sixty who are as straight and clear and true as light. I know others of wenty who have all the petty vices of a harem favorite that preserves her seendamey over a hundred other women by lies and trickery.

Men are only beginning to expect a sense of honor that has nothing to do with self-preservation from women. When they encounter it they are in a sense bewildered. And it must be confessed that generally they don't like it—at first. The wife, for instance, who insists on appealing to her husband's intellect in the ettlement of a domestic difficulty, who argues and pleads with him rather than afole him with caresses or melt his resistance with tears, travels a stony road

But a woman with the new sense of honor cannot resort to the old methods f uncivilized warfare any more than a soldier to-day can shoot with poisoned bullets. She has to lose rather than win the wrong way.

The American Accent.

By Ella Hepworth Dixon.

r last our good American friends have acknowledged that it is they, and not ourselves, who have the "accent." This is a great step toward improving the American language, for up to now, the New Yorker, the Bostonian, and the San Franciscan were at one in assuring the travelling Islander that his speech was spoiled by his "English accent." The Islander was too well bred, as a rule, to betray any emotion or astonishment at this accusation, but he thought a lot. Perhaps his thought was communicated to certain pundits on the other side, for an American Speech Reform Association has just been started with the laudable intention of teaching young America to speak the language of England, instead of the weird and complicated tongue which is the result of the salad of races and nationalities thrown hodge-podge on to the American continent. Already the society has issued a pamphlet imploring ts compatriots "not to splash your words one into each other," "not to talk hrough the nose with your mouth tight shut," and "not to use the same phrase a thousand times a day." Even by employing these simple expedients, the New Yorker might make himself understood by a Londoner without going to the rouble of learning Esperanto. As for the astute American girl, she has long seen the expediency of approximating her speech to our own.-London Sketch.

these is by more honesty, and the way to get more honesty is to send When Bill Thinkuvit Comes Home at Night. By F. G. Long.

